



Big Steve by AkaneMikael

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M, after season 2

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-29

Updated: 2018-01-31

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:34:47

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 8

Words: 20,321

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy is obsessed with Steve from the very first moment he has set foot in school, but what does he want, why he wants to fight King Steve in all ways? Behind the typical bully mask, Billy hides his father's mistreatment and maybe something else that comes out with Steve, who is in the process of being changed. Because he is no longer King Steve, he's trying to evolve, elevate. He will succeed in moving from King to Big?

1. For the title of King

Author's Note:

- A translation of [Big Steve](#) by [AkaneMikael](#).

First all I'm Italian, this my fic in original is in Italian, I try to translate it by myself, but I'm not the best of the world in English. I'll do my best! Sooner or later I come everywhere! The series is Stranger Things, in particular I write after the second season because the protagonists are Steve Harrington and Billy Hargrove. The couple is the Harringrove. I find Steve one of the most successful ST characters because of maturing and characterizing. Billy, for the moment he didn't have the same treatment, is a bit neglected but has a lot of potential and there are several clues that I have started to think. The fic is complete and has 8 chapters of 6/7 pages per one. The more a couple has potential but is not deepened in the original series and the more I want to write, I do these things! Obviously we will also come to erotic scenes, you don't need to say it when it's me to write! At some point there is Jonathan Byers. I will publish a chapter about a week, but I have to have also time to translate one by one before. I hope you likes it. Enjoy the reading. Kisses Akane

BIG STEVE

1. FOR THE TITLE OF KING



King Steve here, King Steve there ... What the hell did he want from

him?

Did he want King's title? That would take it!

That title had only brought him trouble, in the end!

What did he care about it?

Did he want to be the king? Good!

It was only challenging to answer all those stupid expectations, he didn't want anything, just to be left in peace.

Now what was the meaning of everything?

Nancy left him, did he have to make a reason, what he would care to go back to being that asshole that was before? If he had never been she would really fall in love with him, not just by pretense!

From that time nothing had gone to the right direction, and now after the ignoble beating of the idiot who wanted to be just the king, he felt even worse.

Maybe if Billy Hargrove had not walked on him like that, he would feel better, but not like a doormat...

The worst thing was that he was still tormenting him, he didn't have enough... What else did he want from him? Why didn't he leave him alone? Did he want to humiliate him in front of the whole school? But did he think it meant something to him?

"I don't even know what I want now ... Nancy, is this she? If she came back I would be fine? "

he sighed annoyed looking at the boys in the field running behind the basketball, passing it as he watched them sitting with the towel on his neck, upset and nervous. The mister had set him on the bench, seeing him particularly out of shape.

"Nah, is not she ... Of course she changed me, but she showed me that I was an idiot and lived for fame and glory at the expense of others, showed me that what I had before was nothing compared to what that I might have if I were different The point is I don't know how ... How should I be, different how? I have no idea where to start again, what to do with whom, why ... I know there is better than 'King Steve' but what? Where? Why? "

He was lost in his elucubrations that he didn't see the ball arriving at full speed that came strength to his face.

Steve was hit full finishing down from the bench backwards, legs to the air, not even the time to figure out how to sit he was found on the floor and what hurt him, that the annoying laugh of that dick resounded in the gym.

Time ago he would become a beast, now he no longer mattered.

Absolutely more.

Some companion ran to help him get up, when he sat, he found himself bleeding, and later he felt his mouth ached and swollen. At least he didn't hit his nose but his mouth!

Outline laughs, outline mieter's yell, outline the companion's slap on his back.

At the center Billy's amused face, he seemed to have won a prize.

Steve remained a little stunned at staring at him unable to figure out how to react or what to do, in the end he decided to get up, make his middle finger and go to the bathroom to wash his mouth.

Time ago he would go to punch him hard, no one would dare to pull him a ball in his face to play him and humiliate him. Yet he couldn't matters. Those things were all bullshit. All.

He was in the locker room not from a long time that the door opened, Steve imagined it was some of the comrades sent by the coach to make sure he was fine and curled up on the sink to wash his mouth with water, didn't even look.

- I'm fine, leave me alone! - he grumbled.

- Of course, I hit you harder that night! -

Billy Hargrove's arrogant voice came to him with his hand slapping his ass with no compliments and then back surprised.

- Mmm ... Harrington ... Are you well equipped here behind! Maybe that's why you were the king! - Steve straightened immediately, looking at him in the mirror.

- Did you drink the brain? - he attacked him frowning, his hands on the edge of the sink's tanks where the water was still open, the blood had slowed, flowing into his chin.

Billy laughed, raising his arms.

- I'm in peace! -

- Of course, because without public there is no taste, right? - Billy looked at him without understanding, or rather pretending. Steve closed the tap and cleaned the rest with the wrist band in sponge signed stained with red. He turned to face him straight and determined without fear or humiliation in his eyes.

- It's a game I invented, Hargrove! I know how to do better than you!

- he said, staring straight into his eyes.

Billy swelled his chest pretending not to understand.

- Better than me? For now better than me you ended up on the rug, pretty boy! What game do you talk about? -

Steve laughs, throwing his head back with his hands on his hips, a blood clot starts from his broken and swollen lip, Billy was immediately attracted like honey, but he was ready to react badly to maintain his reputation in front of him.

- Hargrove, there is nobody right now. We're just me and you and I don't give a fuck more about this fuckin shit, I've locked up with those ways shit that just made me lose the things that counted. I just want to say that I know better than you do and especially why, but let me tell you something from one that did it first. It's not worth it because when you find someone important, and you find it sooner or later, doing so will lose that person and it will be late to change. But do that fucking thing you like, I don't give anything to me anymore! - Saying this, Steve gave him his shoulders and went to his corner to change and leave, took off his cuffs with dry gestures throwing them in his open suitcase, pulled out the vest, crossing his arms to the waist when a hand slammed suddenly and violently against the front wall, almost touched him a few inches. Steve jumped surprised at the place and raising his shoulder to the side turned back and locked between Billy and the wall.

A Billy particularly strange, not that he was usually normal, but at that moment he looked worse still.

Steve remained surprised to look at him unable to reject him surely in order to not start another stupid fight from which he would probably come out again to pieces and aching.

What the hell had that guy to be so asphyxiating? He had never looked for, never provoked. Why should he be so heavy with him in particular?

- What the hell have you Hargrove, can you tell? - Steve asked exasperated without showing fear in trying to get away from that strange and less virile position.

It was a somewhat suspect nearness, and as soon as Billy cleared his chin and lip from a blood clot, Steve thought absurdly:

"Will he be gay and taken from me? No, because if he has to talk to me and he's not gay and he's not taken from me, he should not be stuck! "

And he automatically lowered his eyes to see how close he was and what part of their bodies was touching that equivocal way. Billy made a triumphant smile when he saw him in trouble, but immediately Steve looked back straight into his eyes without hesitating or showing weakness or disgust.

He was exactly where he was. Without moving. To breathe each other.

Billy then triumphantly turned into something more fluid and provocative.

Steve remembered the way he had looked at him that day in the shower and united that sensation to this.

"It seems like he eats me with eyes!" It was not difficult to understand it seeing his obsession since the first day he had amply demonstrated for him.

- Do you want a picture or can we go beyond this ridiculous screenplay? - Steve said again hoping to get him back without being aggressive.

Billy made another strange smile, how strange was always him.

Then he nodded, gave him a tap on his naked arm and walked away.

- I see you really depressed, Harrington, I'm sorry. I would love to be able to confront one day with real King Steve! You know, I like the serious challenges! So far you have never been you, I'm convinced! - Steve raised his eyes to the sky, turning to the side, continuing to undress himself to wash and leave that mad boy. He didn't want any more trouble, he had enough of it. He didn't really know what he wanted, but certainly not Billy Hargrove!

- You know that you have to resign yourself, King Steve no longer exists! -

Billy took him by a shoulder to turn him. The contact again became electrifying and Steve stuck his hand on his shoulder as if it were a shame, Billy smiled happily in his pack reaction. Maybe he could recover him!

- Let's go, I'm sure it's still there! He only needs one hand to rise again! I understand that letting with a girlfriend is never easy, but you'll find yourself back! - Steve shook his head and, once naked, headed for the showers. Billy stood there watching him interested and insistent, but didn't move and didn't strip off. It was worse than being examined by a famous coach, not that he had ever happened to him, but he could imagine it being so. No, that was worse.

He began to feel seriously uncomfortable under that cheeky look.

- What do you want from me? What should I do to get you out of the balls? - He squirmed and exasperated while the water covered him.

- Get away with me. - He sighed.

- Forget it! And why the hell should I come with you? Where? - Billy smiled confidently.

- At a party! You like parties, I know! Come on and I'll help you get back to King Steve! - Steve closed his eyes as he let the water slap his tired face.

- Why should you want me like a time? And after what would you do, Rocky and Drago? - He asked ironically, stepping back to soaping. Billy still standing there looking at him for good.

- Why not? - He said vaguely.

- Because I don't want to come to blows with you! I just want to be left in peace! - At that point Billy entered in the showers and ignored the splashes, grabbed him by one arm and shook his grip, approaching his face firmly and asphyxiating his face for the next time.

- This is not you! Now speak this way, but when you'll return, you will come back to enjoy yourself! -

Steve shook his tired head, he just wanted to be left in peace.

- I will never give you what you want! -

Billy at that point smiled confidently and mischievous, approaching his face even more almost kissing him, Steve still didn't retire, as if to challenge him to see where the madman could go.

- Oh, you'll give me Harrington. You will see that you will give it to me! -

- If I come to that damn party with you, do you leave me alone? - Steve didn't really know how to get that leech out of the way, so in the end he agreed, and happy Billy slapped hand on his naked arm as naked was his chest in contact with his. Heat. Strange silly heat.

Finally Billy left him and turned his back to get out as Steve made him back in the shower to rinse away the adrenaline sensation of his body.

- Anyway I'm not a fag! - He calmed down. Billy didn't turn and didn't hit him, he just laughed, raising his middle finger without turning back.

- I'll take you tonight at eight! - Steve raised his eyes and shook his head for the next time. He didn't understand why, but if he was gay, it had more sense. Maybe he was aggressive not to be discovered and marginalized, it was a classic. Maybe he needed a hand.

- Yes, and since I am a good Samaritan? Was the babysitter's name not enough? - So lamenting alone for the strange sense of help he felt to have to give to that colossal asshole, he finished brushing fast.

"Maybe it's just that I see the old me in him. Before Nancy helped me get out of that stupid empty cock circle I was in. "Not that he was

okay now, but he was only in a phase of change. He didn't want to go back to the old asshole as Billy was now.

He liked to feel useful and help when he needed it, to be reliable at certain times, to receive that kind of gratification, a real one.

But he needed something to belong to, a group, probably. Or perhaps the heat, like what Nancy had given him at that time, or something very similar in every case.

He didn't even know, but something he wanted and maybe he could find it starting somewhere.

"Yeah, he's an absurd part to start with, anyway!"

But convinced that he wanted to unconsciously help only because he saw himself a year earlier and knew how much needed types like that, he decided not to pull back, as absurd as it may seem.

Ignoring that maybe there was another, something well buried. Very buried.

2. In search of new Steve

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy convinced Steve to go out with him and go to a party, but why did he really accept? Steve is in his phase of change and is experimenting himself, Billy instead seems to know exactly what he wants and is not at all intending to share his real intentions with him.

2. IN SEARCH OF NEW STEVE



Steve, at the age of 17, valued the situation very well both his and Billy's, even though he didn't know anything about him, he knew that whoever was a dick around was to call attention, because he didn't receive at home from who counted.

He probably had a violent father, which explained the anger that always vented on the poor.

After fixing his hair as always in a perfect way, he smoothed his shirt tucked into high-waisted tight jeans with a belt, as they used. He turned to the side to check his perfect profile and smiled satisfied with the final result.

"As far as I'm concerned ..." He told himself then putting on the scent too.

To repeat it perhaps would have made it real, but the truth was that it was exhilarated to the idea of going to one of those parties like old times, with a group of fucked to do shits just for fun.

Steve stopped feeling too happy.

"Stop Steve, you go out with Billy Hargrove, a complete idiot. What do you have to be happy with? You do it to sent him to fuck, because then he sees that you're a hopeless case, that King Steve is really dead and bye, he leaves you alone! "

He repeated it, looking at himself in the mirror, he nodded convinced and went to put on his shoes with his heart slightly accelerating. It reminded him the feeling he had had going out the first few times with Nancy.

"Sure to compare the asshole to Nancy it's crazy!" He teased, but then told himself that it was probably like some kind of drug.

"You detoxify yourself and you don't want to fall back, but when you reassemble it, even in a light form, old habits do everything to come back. You remember why you liked to do it and you try to get back to those levels. But I don't want to do it. It's certainly a good test for me too, if I overcome it I can boast of being a new person. Maybe it will not be Nancy, but I can find another good special girl who will love me, this time, because I will be worthy! "

When he heard the clacson from outside he jumped on the bed and found his heart in his throat like a fool.

"Go out with a jerk, remember that you go out with a jerk! And you will not be back on that street of shit, empty, sad and lonely! You do it to reinforce the new Steve! "He put on his jacket and looked at himself one last time in the mirror, he liked his image a lot, nodded satisfied and looked for a new name for himself.

No more King Steve but:

- Big Steve! Immense! Big like big heart. As big as my dick at least! - And so saying it alone, he went out smiling.

He avoided saying goodbye to her parents and saying that he was leaving because both of them were took from anything else but not their son, and finally crossed the threshold.

His car parked outside, he left at that moment fed up with waiting. Billy had the usual unlikely hair he was proud of, the usual red shirt open on his chest, the leather jacket and the cigarette at the corner of his mouth.

Billy, seeing him come out, stopped in front of the car, took the cigarette out of his mouth and spread his arms, welcomed him with a wide smile, pulling his tongue out in his typical absurd, warm manner.

"Hot, what the fuck is hot. He's a jerk who thinks he's a porn star! "

To repeat it should have worked.

- Finally Harrington! I must say that the wait was worth it! - Joked appreciating the vision that Steve offered of himself, in particular of how the jeans were.

Steve with the enthusiasm of a dead man showed him the middle finger, what was becoming their typical greeting.

- I went out right away, don't break my balls! - He replied dryly, going around the car to get on the other side, Billy glued his eyes to his ass and inhaled a puff of smoke with an air of someone who appreciated even better. Steve felt them on him. And he wanted to fill him of fists cause the way he looked at him, or rather how he did him feel.

Good.

Incredibly and unjustifiably well.

"Why do I like being watched and appreciated by him now? However he is gay. Point!"

In the car the music started at full blast like Billy's skidding and his reckless guide. Steve took himself to the door, bleaching instinctively.

- Fuck, I understand from who took your sister's guide! -

On hearing it, Billy stepped up the pace by far exceeding the speed limit, increasing in the same way the bad memories of Steve related to that car, one worse than the other!

- IT'S NOT MY SISTER THAT LITTLE BITCH! - The fact that he always wanted to specify it with angry, made Steve understand that he had many family problems.

- Yes, however, I would like to get to the party alive! - Steve exclaimed, masking his insane fear that made him tremble like a leaf. After the events of Upsidedown, he was a little more apprehensive about his life.

Billy seemed to calm down and laughing slowed a bit, finally at that point Steve could notice the beautiful music he had put on.

- AC / DC, You shook me all night long! - Exclaimed Steve laughing, throwing his head back. - It's perfect! - Billy looked at him laugh out of taste and spontaneously and threw the cigarette out of the open

window that ruffled all his already messed up hair, turned up the volume and smiled satisfied with what looked just like a small victory.

Steve finally relaxed in the seat next to him, following the strong and rhythmic of the rock music that was making him listen, he turned his gaze away from the car, into the night landscape that flowed at insane speed and the adrenaline began to give him to the head. The feeling of euphoria, that feeling good because you're over the top.

The typical things he felt a time.

King Steve was lurking, he knew, but honestly it was better to ignore him at that moment and enjoy that beautiful song, the wind on the windows down and that crazy speed.

Being in the car with Billy Hargrove or anyone else at that moment was no importance.

He had not been able to do that for a long time, and he remembered again why he liked it so much.

Without thoughts, without duties, without heaviness of sort.

Only live the moment in a reckless way, without thinking about rules, morals, ethics ...

"It's because I lost the ride because my old assholes friends got attached to the idiot, but I see it's just he and me tonight. Maybe I do so pity that he wants to gather me under him. I mean ... as his acolyte. First the risk was that I was a pack leader because I was. But making sure I'm not, he wants me in his circle to get cooler in front of everyone. If they see us together, no one thinks it's me above him, because they have seen that I'm no longer King Steve. "

Reflections actually logical that didn't take into account the real intentions of Billy, or rather he tried without success.

The reason why Billy wanted Steve with him was not to excel in different ways, but simply because he liked him and first try hitting, making you even hate if necessary, overcoming him in every way to be considered by him, then since it doesn't work, because those fucking methods never work in reality, try to be his friend in the most normal way you are capable of. And even if you are an idiot in truly normal friendships, you try and the attempt is often appreciated and somehow comes in good end.

For Steve it was just trying to do something in that delicate phase of change where he was alone and he isolated himself even further.

He had to change, but he didn't know how. Living the moment was sometimes the only way to find complicated answers.

There was a hidden side of himself that wanted to emerge, but he didn't know what it was and how to make it come out.

Surely go to a party with Billy would not have useful, but at least for one night he would have been distracted and had something to do.

"And then I do it to be left alone from here on."

In his head it made sense, only in his head, probably, since in his instinct it was just a simple follow the inexplicable attraction that was born in the most absurd or perhaps classic of the ways. Undeniable in every way.

He was thinking about it until he had no more, so he decided to stop being an idiot and ask him in a simple and direct way.

He lowered the volume and asked:

- Look, can you tell me why you're so fixed with me? What the fuck you mind if I'm sad, depressed and lonely? You hate me, you did everything to humiliate me and overcome me right away, you also hit me to death that day. - The question could not be misrepresented. He only had to answer honestly.

Billy grimaced, sniffed, and shrugged his shoulders, staring badly the road, looking for something suitable to get out of that shit.

- I mean, I'm not really gay ... - He went further convinced that it was that. Billy immediately punched him in the stomach to the side without even turning, it was so fast that Steve didn't even see him coming, he immediately leaned forward holding his belly without being able to breathe for a minute.

- Fuck Hargrove fucked asshole! I just want to know what the fuck you really want from me! - Billy so jiggled in a side street apparently popped out of nowhere, almost went off the road, Steve forgot to have almost spat the guts to try not to get out the window, the laughter of the psychopath got up sadistic and he rolled the eyes to the sky once he took the right street to the house of the party.

He was giving up, when the fool finally decided to talk.

- Actually I like you. I felt in competition with you, but you no longer have a backbone and I understand that you are not a danger. -

- If I have no backbone, how can I please you? I thought you liked me for that, but if I don't have it ... - Steve was beginning to make logical reasoning staying with the brains to solve the problems. Billy grimaced again and shrugged his shoulders belittling the thing.

- You throw yourself down too much! You are not without spine, you don't have it anymore but you can recover it! - Steve sighed, that he tried to turn him back into old Steve was pretty obvious, but he

didn't understand why.

- But why?! What do you do after the asshole comes back? - not that he thought he could go back to it, but he wanted to try to stay in his game out of curiosity. That boy was a concentrate of incomprehensible absurdity.

Billy finally arrived at the party house, there were already other cars and a lot of people before them, before going down they waited. He closed the engine, took the keys in his hand, making them roll on the forefinger and looking at his side with a certain insane satisfaction, he said:

- After I beat you again! - Steve laughed and decided to give up. He knew very well that those ways were a mask to hide the real Billy and those were not the real answers, only braggart replies not to tell the truth that probably made him lose the fool's face that he probably wants to take.

- Ah, I give up, do what you want! Thanks for the ride, maybe I find a way to come back alone! - Not that there would ever come, alone, but now he was there and it was worth seeing if he found any girl with whom to indulge.

He didn't want anyone since Nancy, he didn't want another one just to go to bed ... but maybe it was time, after all it was a while.

He was moving towards the house of who knows who, when Billy's hand gripped him tightly from behind on his shoulder, then his body became attached as often happened.

- No no no Pretty Boy! You don't run like that! I said that I thought of you and I will do it! - Steve shuddered feeling him, but he didn't shake him off, he stood still patiently waiting for him to stop with his stupid bluster.

"I came to help me of one time or just to distract myself seriously and look for a slut with which to fuck, as old Steve would have done?" He then said in a moment, seriously considering how to proceed from there on.

He turned his gaze to his side, always stuck to him and too close. He smiled with his usual crazy air unleashed with no logical sense.

He lacked the light of sanity, even he was so fucked before Nancy.

"Save who? Now that I saved the brats I feel like the hero of losers? Come on Steve, tell the truth. You didn't come here to help another loser! "

As soon as he admitted he felt better, the fact that he didn't understand what he wanted from that night didn't help him, but at

least he took a step forward.

He didn't want to help anyone, not really.

Billy raised his eyebrows awaiting an answer.

- Then? Just for tonight, you and me as if we were friends! And you will see that you will find yourself again! -

"If he told me why he wants to 'find me again' I would be happy. But on one thing the idiot is right. I'm here for this. That is not to find myself again as he says, but to find the new Steve. Understanding what street I want to take from here on. I will not come back with Nancy, I've changed and a lot of things have changed, I'm different but I don't have a new way to go. What do I want to do with this myself now? Tonight I will show myself if I seriously want to return the idiot of a time or if I want to do anything else. At that point I will see what, but in the meantime we start from this. My old habits. "

When he admitted it and accepted he smiled and nodded unconvinced, but still willing to throw himself. Don't trust, but throw himself.

Billy gave a big smile and as if he were finally really happy, dragged him into the house, in the middle of the party.

3. Elevation

Summary for the Chapter:

I must say that here are some steps that I enjoyed writing a lot. We left Steve and Billy at the party, once crossed the threshold the carousel begins and we don't know where they will end. Steve is there to test himself and see if King Steve is dead and now he can be better, while Billy has a very specific idea, but it's not clear if he can achieve it.

3. ELEVATION



The two boys made their entrance triumphant together, once set foot inside the chaos, they separate and Billy raised his arms in a distinctive way and braggart, shouted like an idiot while others praised him welcoming and laughing and Steve instead made a smile little convinced of circumstance, raising a hand.

All eyes on them as if they had just seen ghosts, notice their presence at a party was a thing, notice that they were there together was another.

Everyone knew that Billy was competing with Steve.

- Hey Hargrove, did you get together? Do you have to conquer the world? It was the only alliance we never wanted to see! - said his friends immediately approaching him without hairs on the tongue.

Billy pushed him laughing exaggerated as he took the beer from his hand and drank it, from another of them he took to give it to Steve that accepted it puzzled.

- Because we do a fucking fear, you fucking shit! -

- Who's ruling? Who should we refer to? - Steve laughed in disbelief at those stupid questions and shook his head going away, but Billy grabbed him by the belt of his jeans and held him there, this made Steve turn and look at him seriously and determined, with a raised finger in front of the face, then he said softly and penetratingly:

- If you do it again, I'll put the bottle in your throat. - At this Billy smiled provocatively and excited while the others there with them laughed and whistled.

- Oh ok, we understand who! - This didn't pleased to Billy because they insinuated that the boss was again Steve, so he pushed them simultaneously left and right and went over Steve as if he were alone, giving him a shoulder. He raised nodded, perhaps he had removed him from the feet.

He was going in search of someone known or interesting to test himself and see if any girl was right or what, when Billy returned, he put a freshly lit cigarette in his mouth and a glass of some strong concoction in his fingers, another for himself, both of glass and of cigarette, he finally lifted it up.

- To our new alliance! - Steve looked at him puzzled with the cigarette spring between his lips, he had stopped from a while, but only for Nancy.

- I told you it was just a fucking night to show you that that jerk of King Steve doesn't exist anymore! - Billy nodded and tinkled the glass

with his, raised it again and decided drank it. Steve sighed and shaking his head did the same thing, but without making a toast. His laughter sounded again, annoying as ever, but in the meantime the first beer, the alcoholic shot of now and the smoke that coming down the airways, returned to his head as it once was. He had not done it for long, but he had not forgotten the feeling, nor was no true that he didn't like it anymore.

He smiled stunned, still pulling from his cigarette, holding the beer that was not finished yet. Being able to just let go because yes, fuck. Like old times.

Maybe he could, maybe there was not a bad fuck. He and Billy looked at each other for a while before talking to the others and detaching themselves from that suspicious hypnosis. They communicated more so than for everything they had done before coming there.

Then Billy nodded and licked his lips more excited seeing in Steve what he had hoped to see again.

A worthy companion of raids, a real support, someone to be even stronger, respected, feared and noticed. Above all noted.

With that Steve, yes, that would happen. Unbeatable, here's what it would have been.

Literally the best.

And that Steve was still there, he saw him while smoking the rest of the cigarette with natural sensuality and while finishing the beer as if he had never stopped drinking. Perfect, simply perfect.

And exciting. Oh yes.

Without saying anything, Steve turned then to a girl who was watching him as soon as he stepped into the party, the music changed and started something particularly rhythmic and strong and letting go of the empty bottle of beer, Steve abandoned Billy and went to her. Always to test himself and see if he was willing and if he wanted to. He still liked to drink and smoke, maybe even the girls. Maybe.

Billy saw him and he frowned for a moment, then seeing him dancing began to imitate him from a distance, pretending not to have anything, that everything was fine, that he was there to dancing and get high.

So there was a mess, who noticed that instead didn't take his eyes from Steve who danced attached to the slut?

And how he moved, damn it. He had noticed that other time.

He knew how to move, he was sexy by nature, he had a natural way of attracting and doing, safe, simple, calm and yet so damn hot without having to even engage in front of the mirror or do weightlifting.

Steve was so naturally, he just had to let go.

Billy had another erection looking at him, so before anyone could realize it, and while Steve's lips ended up on the bitch's, he turned and went to get more alcohol.

In reality he had wanted it, but not like that, not to see him doing a bitch with another bitch.

The history of the conquest of the world was true, but a part was missing.

Billy was crazy about Steve and was from the first moment his eyes had crossed his ass. Something had triggered him and he had not been able to shake off that damned desire to fuck him in all positions and have his huge cock inside.

And before coming, he sent down another good looking shot drink strong. Very strong.

On the notes of a fabulous song able to make everyone dance, Steve moved at a good pace, showing that he knew to do good on the music and with a girl in his hands.

Hands that took care of her hips and then of her pleasant and round ass.

She rubbed against him, her arms around his neck, her mouth glued to his and then onto his ear and neck, Steve's as he did the same with his eyes closed abandoned to the crazy circle that gave him to the head.

People all around, his body soft and all curves pressed on, intertwined and laced, the most beautiful music of that winter at full volume and smoke and alcohol in the air and on him.

He had not exaggerated, he had managed to curb the need to be electrified without losing control. He didn't want to be humbled by losing control.

The girl slid with her lips on his ear again, but not to lick him but to talk to him:

- Are we looking for a place? - asked him with a single clear sense behind, Steve immediately felt a wave hit him with the power of a truck. He stiffened instinctively, looked at her in panic and as he felt a sharp agitation climb up inside him, he realized that his head was

desperately looking for an excuse not to accept. What excuse, what excuse of the fuck could you pull out?

"Don't be an idiot, lose face if you waste her. You can't refuse. And then it's the right time to turn the page. " But then he realized what was wrong. "But it's old Steve that would be a slut to forget about the old girl." And again while he was taking a kiss, kissing her in a very audacious way. "Oh come on, how seriously do you fuck about Nancy? She never loved you and didn't think twice about throwing herself into the arms of Byers. It's not about her and you know it. She has changed you, but you are not looking for yourself for her. You're testing yourself for yourself. Point. And now I don't see how fuck with a stranger can make me find that fucking myself. "

So many turns of mental words before his tongue got tired of playing with that of the girl and only when she shamelessly touched the package well in evidence through the jeans, he realized that he didn't want and was not a fucking matter why. He did not want to. Stop.

He was pushing her back when a loud noise caught their attention and interrupted the game that was going much further. They turned to the mess staying together, and Steve was not surprised to see Billy in the middle of a fight among the people who, suddenly in a circle, urged him to praise and sing 'blood' as if they were two fighting dogs. Steve sighed and although at first he was tempted to leave and ignore him, then he realized that he was still tied to someone who wanted to quit without losing his face. So he decided to take the opportunity and apologizing to her, slipped into the middle of the circle and the fight.

He didn't have the slightest desire to fight, take a fist or be a baby-sitter, but evidently he had found his vocation.

The hero of lost causes!

He grabbed Billy on the fly by the hair on the back of his head, and tugged him backward, making him fly legs in the air for the surprise of the interruption, then quickly as lightning he threw a fist to the other who was going to them reflexively.

He flew to the other side, too, for the surprise of the intrusion.

When applause rose from the crowds and the chorus changed from 'blood' to 'King Steve', the adrenaline flowed again, that electrifying sensation drunk him much better than the alcohol he had drunk before and with an arrogant smile typical of the old King Steve, for a moment he forgot not to be anymore it and, perhaps, not to want it either.

For a moment he took the chorus and the applause of the past, fame and all the best, then he remembered the idiot, turned, held out his hand like that day at the gym had Billy with him leaving him there then, continuing humiliation: the beginning of the feud.

Billy remembered that moment and understood that it could be his revenge, he could bend down and tell him something braggart and then withdraw his hand and leave him on the ground with his bleeding mouth, doing it would resume his place and he would finally have the truth and only King Steve.

The excitement invaded him with another erection, it was not a problem to show how gifted he was. Billy looked at his hand and looked him in the eyes from the ground with an excited and amused smile, licked the blood from his split lip like that of Steve in the morning, then took the hand and waited for the humiliating sentence and then the abandonment, he would have done. He had done it.

Sure it would be like that, he was amazed to really get up from the ground.

In front of eyes astonished and at an admired ovation, he found himself standing in front of him, the solid grip of his hand, his eyes sure and a victorious smile behind that beautiful face.

Helping him without easy revenge behind, Steve had won in an instant on all fronts!

"Currently I think I'm much better than King Steve! I think I have magnificently raised to the level of Big Steve! I refused a slut, I'm not drunk and I helped a piece of shit that tried to humiliate me since he arrived! I think that karma shit works! If you do good sooner or later you will get good! Fuck, I'm the best, bastards! "

The feeling with which he left the house dragging an apparently drunk Billy, accompanied him for a while, making him seriously euphoric.

Arriving at the car with a staggering Billy dragged by the arm like a child, they stopped and left him to open the palm of his hand.

- Well? - Asked Billy staring thinking he could spit on it.

- I'll take you home, give me the keys, you can't drive! - He said patient and resolute. Billy laughed, throwing his head theatrically backwards, but as he did so he nearly fell, he stood by a miracle, so Steve repeated:

- Keys, Hargrove! - Billy had driven in worse conditions, but beyond this he didn't understand why he continued with that theater.

- Nobody shits us anymore, you've won, you've regained your face.

What the fuck do you want now? Why are you so kind? - Billy growled confused about what the plan was and what it was foreseeing now. Steve lifted his shoulders patiently and simply slipped two fingers into the front pocket of his jeans, looking him straight in the eye so closely.

- I'm getting up, Hargrove. From King to Big. And Big Steve doesn't pretend to be great, Big Steve really is! - With this classy and seriously convinced reply, pronounced softly and close to his face, he found not only the car keys in his pocket. Touching his erection that reached under his pocket, Steve raised his eyebrows astonished as Billy leaned toward him with an evil grin on his mouth. Steve walked away in time to avoid an unexpected kiss, a moment later and their lips would collide.

Steve blanched and turned immediately to see if anyone was nearby. Fortunately, the darkness did its duty and no one was coming away at that time.

He squeezed a hand on his face and sent him to the passenger side.

- You will not drive my car, dick! - He grumbled, staggering.

- And why not, everyone drives it! - Billy puffed up his chest with murderous instincts.

- That little bitch is not 'all'! -

- What, you say she's not your sister! - Steve teased him by climbing into the car, waiting for the child to decide to surrender.

When he finally did, he started the engine by resuming the rock songs from where he had interrupted them.

4. Discovered cards

Summary for the Chapter:

The party is over and Steve brings a drunken Billy at home, but he can't show up in that condition to his father. In the end he does so much until he manages to end up in Steve's bed, but once there what will happen between the two? Will he discovers his papers or not? And how will Steve get it? After being tested and raised, what is the next move? Perhaps understand each other even better? Take this opportunity to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a happy reading.

4. DISCOVERED CARDS





Billy pouted and looked the other way as if he was ashamed even if it wasn't clear of what.

- You've made yourself more ridiculous than tonight, I remember times when you threw up and ended up on your vomit ... - Steve magnified Billy's scenes at the parties they'd crossed, but Billy shrugged his shoulders.

- It bothers me that you are helping me. -

- Or maybe someone helps you in general? It never happened, right? They always left you in your piss and your vomit, but it was fun because you were so because you were cool, drank, smoked ... - Steve wanted to provoke him knowing how it worked, he had done it too.

- Fuck. - Billy answered, lowering the seat. - you can't bring me home, if my father sees me like that, he pisses me off! - Steve looked at him surprised that he was unstitched. It was a shame to reveal that he had problems at home, he knew it.

His arms crossed, his head turned to the other side.

- And he doesn't kick your ass if you're all night out? - Billy laughed bitter putting his foot with the boot on the dashboard.

- He doesn't give a fuck, as long as I don't break the law. I can't get drunk, I can't drive drunk, if they stop me his good name gets in trouble and all the bullshit there. For the rest I can do the shit I want as long as it doesn't ruin him! -

- Can you kill if they don't find you? - Billy shrugged his shoulders and nodded, then jumped up, grunting a 'stop' that made a shot to Steve who immediately nailed.

Just on the edge of the dark street, Billy opened the door and began throwing up. Steve shook his head, remembering how it was to be reduced to those levels.

He remained proud of himself.

"I did well to come ... I really found myself. I can have fun and I can control myself, not to exaggerate as I did with the old Steve. Because before I did it to impress others, now I don't care, I do it for myself and then I follow my limits. I drink, maybe smoke, why not. But I know when to stop. And in the end I'm fine! "

When Billy managed to stop throwing up and keeping his stomach inside, he climbed back into the car, throwing himself heavily into the seat next to him.

- We helped each other, right? We humiliated each other and helped each other! We're even! - Muttered, burping in search of a cigarette that he found unable to ignite. The umpteenth failed attempt, Steve lit it up with his lighter, then took his cigarette and put it in his mouth, igniting even the second that Billy had pulled out looking at him in amazement and a strange light in his eyes. Was he flirting with him?

- And tell me something ... - He started then while he was lighting the second one. - How exactly would you have helped me? - Billy looked at him increasing the mischievous smile and Steve managed to find it even hot in some way, although it was all unmade and with the corner of his mouth with the blood encrusted. He saw him smile and lick it in his obscene way but he also began to like it. Steve waited before leaving, his hands on the steering wheel, the cigarette between his fingers.

- To find yourself! If I had not humiliated you all those times and then brought you here tonight, how would you be back? - He seemed convinced as he said those things. Steve raised his fingers with the cigarette and made a teacher, pointing out seriously.

- Point one, the fact that you humiliated me, as you say, is not connected to the fact that I'm back tonight! - Billy was about to argue but Steve raised his voice slightly and continued serious: - And point two... I didn't come back! And not even found. I simply moved on to the next level. At most I became! Do you understand the difference between becoming and returning? - He doubted he understood it in those conditions, Billy frowned trying to understand and Steve laughed amused and then leave again.

- I said not to ... - He grumbled.

- Yes, not at home ... I take you to mine, my parents don't notice my presence or absence, so I could also bring a horde of filthy pigs that would not notice! - And here is a little revelation about himself, after all he had made one in turn.

Billy looked at him with a pout, smoking, then shrugged and returned with his arms folded to look the other side, the cigarette in his mouth, pretending to be angry.

A smile was painted on the face.

He had not designed it, he really thought it would be enough to come to the party together and get both drunk for it. But that was going even better.

"Just stop it with Big Steve's bullshit or kill him seriously! I don't want either King or Big! I just want Steve! In my bed!"

Which then couldn't even hide that the idea of making couple, officially as friends and that's it, with King or Big, even better Big, was quite exciting.

They entered in the house undisturbed and also in the room, a room large enough for a bed to one and a half, a wardrobe, a desk and a normal cahos for a high school boy.

Billy had recovered enough, he had never been so far out to not understand what he was doing, but he had wanted to exaggerate seeing an opportunity.

Perhaps he had the wrong method with Steve, instead of being noticed by him with brute force he had to use other systems.

"Not pity, I don't want to pity him. But the friendship and those craps I think can get caught up with this 'new Steve'."

Billy saw the bed big enough for two, and with a big smile turned to him, taking his jacket off willingly.

Steve, who was doing the same, got lost by noticing his strange expression and turning, he stopped himself from taking it off.

- What ... what do you have? - Asked without understanding. Billy smiled and shrugged pretending to be innocent.

- Nothing, I like your room! You don't even have a weight to train ... so that body is a natural gift? - Steve sighed tired of feeling like flattering as if he wanted to take him to bed and as soon as he thought he was whitening realizing it, in fact he returned to stares him in alarm:

- You sleep on the floor, uh? - Thundered decided pointing at him with his finger. Billy, in response, approached him like a panther,

stared at him without touching and still in silence but very eloquent, went to the bathroom.

Steve had time to sigh trying to bring the heart rate back to a normal numbering, with poor results.

He hastened to put on his pajamas to avoid undressing in front of him, then realized that the phenomenon had nothing to sleep and cursing began to pull out of the closet the necessary to make him sleep on the ground, that a strictly long suit.

He was still bent inside the wardrobe to pull out the duvet to be placed on the ground as a mattress, when he felt a slap on his ass and then an unmistakable noise.

Steve got up exasperated and saw Billy in boxer outstretched on the bed, comfortable, bouncing because he had also thrown himself.

And he smiled.

- You're not drunk. - Steve finally made sure and he threw the duvet on the floor. Billy smiled, shrugging.

- How can you say? Everyone has a drunk of a type, I'm aggressive by nature, but when I drink I'm different ... -

Steve put his hands on his hips and looked at him peremptorily:

- A maniac? - It was time to find out the cards, Steve said to himself, but seeing Billy put his hand in his boxers and start to touch with serious intention, his heart turned somersaults, so he flushed and turned.

He didn't know what was going on, he would usually have to chuckle or laugh about it, but certainly not find himself in that pitiful condition. Embarrassed beyond words and ...

"Excited?" He wondered, looking down to see if that suspicious heat was what he thought.

Billy's annoying laugh caught up with him again.

- Come on Harrington, we can sleep together. I'm joking, you're fixed that I'm flirting with you and I'm joke! I'm just having fun! We can sleep together, really, I will not rape you! - It was a good trick, Billy told himself.

He saw him looking around still tense, he was funny, Steve. He had really funny ways to do. He always seemed to be on the edge of breaking out into a nervous breakdown, instead he remained stand up.

A very interesting type indeed.

- I swear that if your dick ends where it should not be, I cut it and I suffocate you with! - grunted decided pointing still with his finger as

if that finger was magical and always solve all his problems. Billy laughed, turning on his side like a siren and gave place to Steve, then tapped on the mattress next to him slipping under the warm blankets. - I'll be a little angel! - He said unconvincing, always with the air of those who made fun of him.

Steve was puzzled and decided to join him. He was not convinced of him, he still could not understand him and it was true that on the one hand he wanted to see the good, as Nancy had seen some good in him and had pulled it out. But he didn't understand why stubborn to help him anyway. He had been asking all night, he had gone far beyond testing himself. The test had passed successfully, but there he was doing something else. It had nothing to do with the old or the new Steve.

As he stretched out and closed the light, turning his back to him in stubborn silence, he realized that literally giving him his ass in that way was not indicated.

"I don't think he's gay. I mean, I'm not sure. He could really have joked to make fun of me. It would be in the character. But he could also joke now and have done all this to get into my bed. Even this, however absurd, would be in the character. "

In doubt, he turned on his back, giving him neither his back nor his face, but his profile. He stared at the ceiling as rigid as a corpse, unable to relax and sleep. He tried to understand what the fool was doing, but he couldn't look at him, in the most absolute way.

It was hard, he was excited and didn't understand why and was there waiting for the idiot to do something.

"If he does something, I have to reject him, otherwise he thinks I'm in and I like him!"

But what was wrong?

"I don't like him, this is bad! And then I'm not gay! "

But what could he know? Until some experiences were made as you knew you were not?

"It's like with women, you don't like them all, you don't change for everyone. There is one that makes you change, the others you take without realizing it. Maybe gays only discover that they are if they find the guy who turns them on. "While he had these thoughts, he ended up turning towards him without realizing it. In the darkness his eyes had grown accustomed for a while and now he saw well enough.

And he saw.

He saw Billy still at his side, looking at him steadily and insistently. Steve opened his eyes wide and jumped up.

- Can I know why the fuck are you doing this? One tries to be kind and you're an asshole! -

- But I'm not doing anything, fuck! - Responded laughing Billy. Steve wanted to argue that he was wrong but it was actually true. - Is it forbidden to look at you? - He sighed and shook his head.

- No, however the way you do it is disturbing. - Finally admitted. - You're strange and I can't understand you, you do three quarters of things for no reason or at least nonsense. - He decided to speak better trying not to be aggressive so as not to put him on the defensive. He wanted to get out of that situation alive and yet he was irritated not to understand why he was doing all this.

There followed a sort of instinct and maybe it was curiosity, but curiosity for what?

For him? To the way he made him feel? And how did he feel?

"Wanted. He makes me feel like I'm his obsession and I don't know if I really am and why, but that's how he makes me feel and I like it. That's what I like. Not him. The way he makes me feel. Being someone's obsession. "

He had to make answers that made sense, he had to.

The most acceptable ones.

- It's my way of doing, you don't need to try to understand it. I simply do what I want, point. - Steve laughed as he heard that answer and laughed hard, jeering at him, relaxing and lowering his guard very far as he turned three-quarters towards him with one arm bent under his head.

- This is beautiful, Hargrove! Really nice! If you really did just what you want, you would seriously tell me what you want from me and you would stop it with the craps of conquering the world together or beat the best Steve of the century! - His laughter continued on and would have continued a long if Billy's mouth had not decided to really give him what he wanted. Or rather, show it to him.

He had wanted and asked for the whole evening, it was time to give it to him.

The mouth pressed on his taking his breath and making him stop laughing, suddenly dropped the frost, a frost that after a first moment of rigidity turned into hot liquid.

Billy pushed more Steve making him put on his back, he pulled himself up on one elbow while the other hand after a first moment of

immobility, went down on Steve's chest and then down, towards the elastic of his pajama pants.

His mouth opened and he entered forcefully with tongue in search of his, this while the hand was right of the cloth that separated him from his hot groin.

Steve stood with his hands open on the sides of his face, dazed and shocked that he had decided seriously. Unable to realize he had to do something, he simply let him do it.

And before he knew it, he was thinking that the kiss was nice too, and what the fuck, why stop a nice kiss?

His mind didn't cooperate, just like his body motionless under him.

A hot body, full of chills with an excitement that thundered madly between the legs as soon as his fingers had slipped right there.

Billy moaned against his mouth and his tongue that was also ended to respond to the kiss without thinking about it.

He had seen well then, he was more than willing. Maybe he had never opened the vase, but when someone forced him, here he was swimming in that waters understanding that they were his.

For a moment, as Billy's hand masturbated, Steve remembered his own instinctive denial reaction a few hours ago against that girl.

And now he was there to get excited and let him do what he wanted.

After that, among other things, time before they were beaten for good.

How absurd was the life of a seventeen-year-old?

Steve ended up horrific excited and when Billy's hand increased the intensity, there was not much to do.

The first handjob by another boy, moreover one who had done everything to get noticed by him, consider and even go out together, be watched.

The first handjob from a 'he', he said upset as he moaned and his mouth slid over his neck to suck.

Nothing, he couldn't do anything at all. Completely stuck in that liquid and boiling, liquefied state.

And his orgasm was so hot that he stained Billy's hand and his own boxers.

When Billy pulled his hand out and raised on his elbow again, lying on top of him and well satisfied, he licked the hand cheeky without compliments.

Steve widened his eyes even more watching what he was doing and had only the strength to cover his face with his arm, Billy's laughter

accompanied him as he realized what had happened.

Then only his 'goodnight', he who turned the other way like nothing and finally went to sleep.

What had happened? What had he done? What was he supposed to do now?

"I'm crazy, this is the only answer. An fact is to follow him to see where he wants to go and what he wants from me once and for all, to get rid of me back. An fact is ... this! He that kiss me and make me a handjob. But am I crazy? And that I also come in his hand! I mean how ... how the hell could I? I liked how I never liked to fuck with any other girl! Shit, I got excited in a moment and as soon as he did anything but reject, I was there thinking 'finally!' Yes, I thought it. I knew it, inside of me I knew it and I wanted it. I was hoping for it. But how could I? I knew he liked me and I knew he was here for me, but from here to want this ... well, maybe it was curiosity. See what it feels like when a boy tries with you. But I didn't have to like it. It didn't have to. Fuck, fuck it, fuck it! I've been looking for it, this is the truth. I knew it, I wanted it, I accepted it. I'm an idiot, that's what I am. A perfect idiot. Now it's fine with me. I have a living mess that sleeps in my bed and just made me a handjob and tomorrow I might just disgrace myself with the whole world since he's completely crazy. I'm out, I'm fucked, I'm in shit more shit that has ever existed. A jerk, that's what I am! "

5. A terrible plan

Summary for the Chapter:

After the night most unthinkable of all, Steve wakes up with the knowledge that he can't trust Billy because he's completely out of mind, so he thinks a plan to keep him by his balls and prevent him to screw Steve. This things involves Jonathan and is anything but a perfect plan.

5. A TERRIBLE PLAN

For a moment, sleeping, he had forgotten about the disaster he had made and had even managed to sleep well, very well, as he had not slept for weeks because he spent his nights tormenting on himself, on Nancy, on what to do with his own existence...

Then Steve opened his eyes and realized he had his head resting on something. Indeed, someone. A chest.

"No boobs." He suddenly opened his eyes as he raised his head to see who he was, at that point he remembered and realized the cosmic disaster he had done, which was true and not erased with a dream.

- Hargrove, fuck! - Billy's annoying laugh came to thunder and traumatizing his brain, so Steve sat on the bed covering his face with his hands, rubbed his palms on the eyes that at that moment wanted to get out of their sockets. Suddenly the beautiful dream had gone to that country.

- I made you have a nice orgasm, Big Steve: what about calling us by name? - His voice was even more annoying than when he laughed. Steve straightened his head and looked at him over his shoulder, with a grimace in his face carved out of concrete as he had at the time.

- Take that Steve out of your mouth and close it permanently! - Billy was with his arms behind his head, the blankets down to the groin to uncover his naked chest, his expression sure and blissful, extremely amused. He continued laughing.

Steve returned to cover his face unable to bear that tremendous laugh.

- Do you want to close that sewer, fuck? -

- Only if you call me Billy! -

- Forget it! - Billy so sat up and leaned on his back, Steve was bent forward, his knees up, his face in his hands. His pajamas to separate them. Then he put the hand in front of his nose and with the mouth on his ear, leaning on him, he said sensual:

- My hand still smells of your sweet cream! - He managed to lick his ear before Steve nudged him off the bed and sent him to hell. He locked himself in the bathroom and decided to erase everything with a quick hot shower.

- That he dies! He and his follies! Why did he goes from provoking me and beating me to kiss me and make me a handjob? I preferred it when he tried to humiliate me! - He grumbled, understanding that he couldn't really erase him from his existence, not anymore.

After having slept on and by early morning, Steve hoped to have clearer ideas, but in reality they were only more confused.

"I liked kissing him and I loved coming in his hand. And I liked to see him lick my ... cream! "He thought, quoting the idiot. "But that I like what he did to me doesn't mean I like him!"

He rubbed his body furiously, leaving his hair alone because he had washed it the day before. "How do you become fag so suddenly?"

He put himself under the hot jet of water and let it wash away the soap, hoping he would do the same with the confusion, but it didn't.

"Oh well, I'm almost 18 years, we're teenagers, it's not that we are adults ... maybe it's just now that if you have tendencies come out, first you don't understand a fuck and follow the mass, then you're too 'formed'!"

Steve found it easier to be gay ... "Maybe I'm bisexual instead!" Or bisexual, rather than being attracted to Billy Hargrove.

But the time to understand even better the situation there was.

He closed the tap and opened the shower curtain in time to jump and let slip a little masculine little cry. Billy was peeing on his feet with the half-closed boxers showing off most of his good buttocks.

Billy turned his head, winked and looked at him from head to toe, stopping on his member who was happy to see him like that.

- Good morning! - He said mischievously continuing to fix the erection of Steve who hurried to cover himself with a towel.

He had never had trouble showing naked in front of other boys, now the drama began.

"Well, if he looks at me like a horny man, what I should do, prostitute me?"

- Fuck! - Answered like a good morning, Billy continued laughing amused ending up removing the rest of the boxers that slipped to the feet with a rustle and going in the shower to make a fast too.

As he passed him, he touched on purpose, caressing his back and his ass, not yet wrapped in a towel as he was pressed only forwards.

- I swear that - He didn't find a threat on the fly and Billy opened the hot water and laughed again.

Could he be more stupid? No, he didn't think so.

"Ok, maybe he likes me, I don't know and I don't really fuck! I, however, am bisexual and showed me that a handjob and a good kiss can't be taken away from anyone, it's not a real drama if nobody comes to know it. This is the problem. NO ONE MUST COME TO KNOW IT! But he is a psychopath, how can I be sure that ... "

Then while he was drying safely in his room, he turned to look at the closed bathroom door with an idea that leapt to his head. A half idea actually.

"Well, just blackmail him with the same thing with which he could blackmail me. If he spreads the word that I have had a handjob from a guy, I spread the word that the handjob was made by him. He has to lose as much as me! And to be sure ... "

So Steve began to think about how to get proof of the fact that Billy Hargrove was gay, so as not to take risks on a future disgrace.

"He has no proof, but people are idiots and believe in everything. So I will use a more effective coin! I have to be able to photograph him while he sucks! "

When Billy came out of the bathroom he was naked and dripping, with broad arms and the air of someone who thought he was a god, he asked for a towel. Steve was brutally interrupted by his ruminations and before fainting he pulled his own in the face. Billy took it and smelled it theatrically.

- Mmm ... what a perfume! - Steve rolled his eyes and shaking his head gave him his back and continued to dress.

"I have to take things in my hands and make sure he doesn't screw me!"

The only conversation about that they had was this:

Billy: - All right between us? -

Steve with a raised and skeptical eyebrow: - Set straight! -

Billy with a sneer: - Do I have to beat you up to keep your mouth shut? -

Steve exasperated: - Do the fuck you want, you always do so. -
And then off to school each with their own car, Billy first stop for home to take Max, Steve for home Byers.

When Jonathan saw him in front of the door early in the morning, he almost gave him a stroke and instinctively stepped back, he said firmly:

- I don't want trouble, uh? - Steve laughed spontaneously at that reaction, finally grabbed him by the collar of the shirt and pulling him out said firmly and without admitting replies:

- I'll take you to school today! -

Jonathan tried to oppose to him by saying that he was to bring Will, but he was so shocked that he could only scream at his mother that he couldn't take him. He didn't hear her screams of return.

Sitting in the car the two endured a heavy and embarrassing silence for a couple of minutes, during which Steve tried to understand what he was supposed to say; in the end he took his breath and courage and decided.

- Look, I need you to help me, but I swear that if you tell someone what I'm about to say, I'll insert stick with the nail up in your ass! - He said threatening as in the old days by pure habit.

Jonathan certainly had never really been afraid of him, at his time had beaten up well Steve at the sound of punches, but the amazement for this aggressive attitude and for the simple fact that he had even come to look for him at home that way, he pushed him to hear and see what he had.

More curiosity than anything else.

If Steve needed help, he would usually ask Nancy, rather than the brats, but he'd never come to him.

- O-Ok ... - He said cautious and perplexed waiting.

It was not easy for Steve, but to ensure his safety he had to make sure he had an invincible card. This was the only one.

He knew he could trust Jonathan even if asking for help from him was worse than to be done handjob by Billy, but the priority at the time was his reputation.

- You must help me to screw Hargrove. - As soon as he heard it, Jonathan put on the defensive more than ever.

- I don't want any trouble, I didn't enter his sights and I feel very good! - Steve sighed loudly.

- He will never know that you are behind me, but I can't do it alone, I need you. Indeed, of your camera! - Jonathan looked at him wrinkled without understanding.

- Did your parents give you the money to buy one and didn't get one for you? - Jonathan was not stupid and knew that it was not Nancy who took it but just gave it to him. It was there that he realized that after all there was something in Steve, who was not just an idiot.

Steve shrugged annoyed:

- I don't give a fuck about photography, I just want you to photograph him while does something. You have to photograph him, only him. Not the other. Ok? And it must understand what he does! - Steve still hoped he would not have to say the rest, but when Jonathan looked at him as if he were crazier than usual, Steve sighed intolerantly and looking up at the sky gave up. - I think he's gay. -

- You believe?! - Asked Jonathan not understanding how one could 'believe' such a thing on one so clearly hetero.

- I'm practically sure! -

- Ok, but stop. Except how do you know it, but what do you care? Why do you have to cheat? I will don't lend to these bad things, you know! - He immediately put him in place, not at all intentioned on getting into trouble just for his real or supposed homosexuality.

Steve frustrated pounded his hands in the steering wheel and increased his speed.

- Look, it's to protect me, ok? I don't want to use those photos, I just want to protect myself! There's nothing wrong with it, it's him who started, I just answer! - Jonathan was only more confused, if before he understood a little, now he understood even less.

- Brakes, brakes ... - And Steve physically braked the car approaching the road, Jonathan looked at him in amazement at how he could pretend to be admitted to college with that IQ under the average, but he didn't say so.

He took advantage of it to look him in the eyes a little panicked and tried to figure out what turned in his head. Difficult to say it anyway.

- If you don't explain well, I will not help you for any reason! -

Steve sighed intolerantly, rubbed his face, ran his hands in his hair as always perfect, then opened his hands in a sign of nervous.

- If you say so ... -

- I will not tell anyone! - Jonathan was exasperated and was about to go out and walk.

- Not even Nancy! - Jonathan closed his eyes.

- Not even her. - in the end Steve didn't know how to say it and he simply said it.

- OK, tonight Hargrove made me a handjob. - And if Jonathan considered himself a healthy person, at that moment he felt the tragic feeling of a myocardial infarction.

- WHAT?! - Shouted without any control, totally shocked.

Steve raised his famous index finger as a sign of attention and threat and Jonathan raised his hands in apology. - Ok, sorry, but you'll admit that I could expect everything but not ... this! - He couldn't even say it, let alone imagine it.

Steve sighed dramatically, turning to rub his face again, a little panicked.

- I don't know what happened, it's strange and complicated and I don't know ... the point is that I don't think I can trust him, I'm sure and so I have to find a way to protect myself if he screw me ... - Jonathan wanted to know a lot things suddenly, even if he was someone who was totally in his business, but he didn't even know how to ask him questions to get an answer.

- Well then ... how did you end up doing such a thing? It's not in his interest to say that you two have had that, no? - He tried to be reasonable and sensible, but Steve shook his head.

- Look, I know people like him because I was the same, just that he's more fuck head! It doesn't stop, at the first affront that I do he screw me and find a way to do it without putting himself to the streets, trust me. - Jonathan didn't argue, he was probably right to see how stupid it was once Steve.

- But ... are you gay? - In the end he wanted to ask for more, but his tongue couldn't help asking him that. Steve looked at him menacingly.

- Are you a stalker that you always make photos around? - He remembered those made to Nancy that night at a party a year earlier and Jonathan shook his head, but he was not convinced that was the point.

- But it has nothing to do with it. If you're end for ... doing those things ... well ... - Jonathan was embarrassed both because he talked about those things with him, both for those things in themselves.

Steve sighed again exasperated and decided to spit out the rest.

- I don't know, okay? I ... I didn't think so. But then it happened, I didn't want it and I didn't ask it, but it happened and I liked it. From here to say that I like boys or worse Hargrove it takes more! -

Jonathan could understand vaguely, but he was still strangely curious.

- But he doesn't seem gay ... -

- And me?! - Asked immediately anxious and threatening Steve. Jonathan hastened to answer:

- Oh God, no! - Steve relaxed at that spontaneous answer.

- Good. However he is obsessed with me since he arrived and eventually he was decided to come out. Or maybe he just wants to find a way to humiliate me better, he would be capable. I don't know what he has in mind, I think the total nothingness seen how much he's imbecile, but I have to protect myself, do you understand? - Jonathan understood him in a sense and nodded, even though he remained shocked by revelation.

- And so you enjoyed doing those things ... - Steve took the collar of his jacket.

- I'm not here to talk about this and confide myself! I just want you to find a way to photograph him while sucking a cock, then you give me the pictures and I'll take care of the rest! You will remain in the shadows, I will never put you in the middle! - Jonathan decided to listen to him, it seemed one of those things that Steve couldn't do without. And then with Nancy he had created more ingenious and complicated plans than that.

- All right, I think I can do it, but how can I catch him? I can't follow him anywhere, I'm not a stalker! - He said ironically, citing his famous favorite accusations. Steve grimaced, thinking of it only now.

- And then if you don't know if he's really gay or if he just pulled a bad joke to humiliate you ... in short, how can I photograph him? If he's not? - Steve hardened his mouth, so many very logical questions that had no answer. He clapped his hands in the steering wheel and began scratching with nails, trying to think and find a solution.

- You should ... you should at least figure out if he's gay or if he did it to make you a joke ... -

- In any case, I must have a way to blackmail him if necessary. Regardless of why he did it! - Jonathan was dying to know how the hell Hargrove's hand had ended up in Steve's dick, but he understood that it was not the case asking.

- Yeah well, but I will not follow him for you. You tell me when and where and I let myself be found there, I hide and take a picture or a film if you prefer, but not ... - Steve was animated to hear it, it was like being crossed by lightning.

- After lessons, in the men's bathroom. You put yourself in the bottom one, we'll be in the next one. See to frame only him, it must see his face and it must understand what he does! - Jonathan lost himself for a moment or better understood, but he was sure it couldn't be this way.

- Stop, what should I photograph? - Oh, he understood correctly, all right.

- He who sucks mine! I swear that if you photograph my face or something that identifies me I break your fucking machine and I don't buy it again! - Again his finger in the face. Jonathan stared at him stunned and shocked, impossible what he was saying, just impossible.

- Should I watch you while a guy sucks your dick? -

- And take pictures! But him! - Steve pointed out convinced.

- But ... but are you sure you can do it? And if he hit you because instead it was a joke and you make the situation worse? - Steve shrugged.

- He's too obsessed with me, I think I'm not wrong. But if it should be as you say, I beat him too. - Then remembering how it was over that time, he corrected himself. - And you help me! - Jonathan didn't want any trouble, he didn't even want to enter in the radar of that crazy psychotic Hargrove, but if Nancy found out that he was denied help to Steve it was worse, so he decided to accept conscious that in any case he risked something.

"A heart attack, for example. I have to watch Steve who gets sucked by another guy and I have to photograph him. But will it be a normal plan? "

No, not at all, but after dealing with all the business of UpsideDown and the Research Institute, there was nothing he couldn't do.

6. Dark path

Summary for the Chapter:

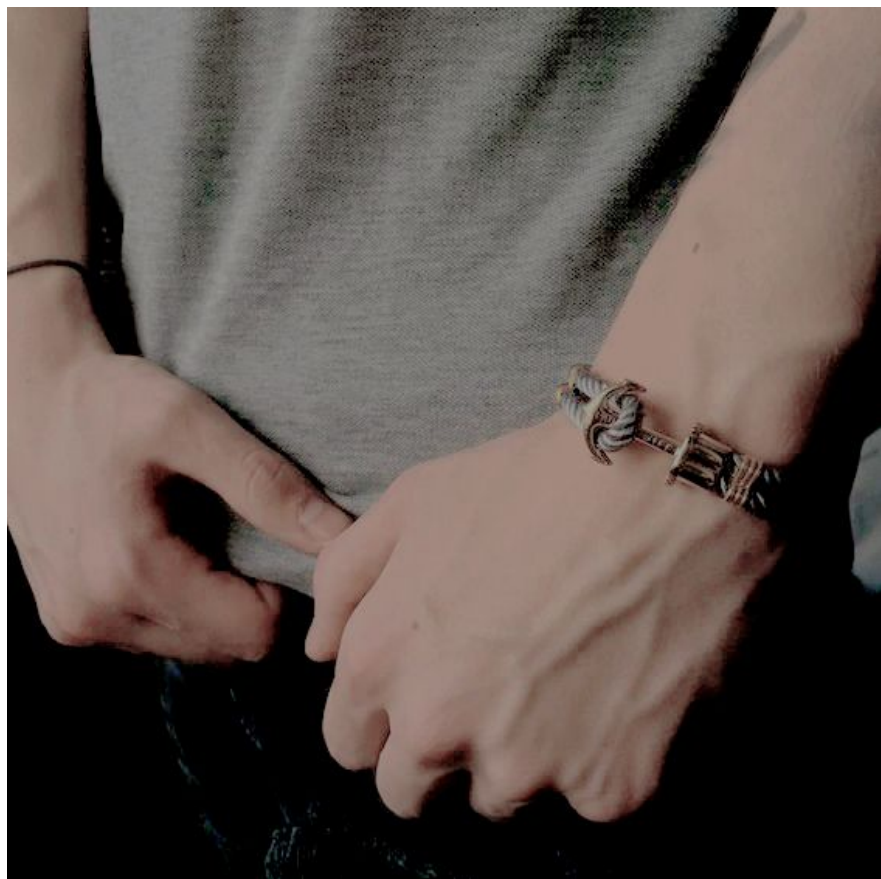
Steve has a plan and now he has just to put Billy into a bathroom, so that he can do a nice mouth job while Jonathan photographs him without getting caught. Easy! And after this, he has to understand if he really wants to use those photos to destroy Billy before Billy destroys him. Provided Billy wants to destroy him, something it's not sure yet.

Notes for the Chapter:

I know that this my humble translation is not so good, but I try to improve by myself. If anyone of you want help me to correct the wrong part and let me know where I mistake, I would glad to read and learn and, of course, I could correct those wrong parts. Thank you in advance. Have a good read. Kisses. Akane (if you want contact me, I have a FB page: <https://www.facebook.com/akanethefirst/>)

6. DARK PATH







When he set foot in school he went around thinking he heard giggles, voices, looks and teasing, but instead nothing happened, with his huge relief.

Steve realized that Billy had not done anything, with his surprise, and understand he was still in time.

Ok thinking about it, ok saying it. But doing it was another fact.

When he told Jonathan to be there that he would have done to Billy that thing was optimistic, but was he really capable?

How to pull a guy in a bathroom and get a blowjob?

"Well it will be like with girls, is not it?"

After a whole morning spent thinking about how to put Billy Hargrove in a bathroom with him to get a blowjob, he simply decided to throw himself.

He knew he could do it, he knew he liked to others. That he really liked Billy or not, it didn't really matter.

If Billy wanted to make fun of him again, he had to play. Otherwise he would have screw up already, the fact that he remained silent was an indicator of two factors: either he wanted to continue playing with him or he was really interested in him and so he didn't want to defame and drive him away.

When the two crossed, Steve didn't miss the opportunity and gave him a long meaningful and serious look, a little smile in the corner of his lips. They were in the corridor among many other classmates.

Steve didn't say nothing after the look, he just went to the bathroom.

Checked there was no other and after a knock on the closed door at the bottom and a 'there are you?' With positive response, he looked in the mirror, he adjusted his hair, took a deep breath and after a nod affirmative to himself, he went to the bathroom next to the one where Jonathan was.

He leaned against the back wall, leaving the door open, his hands in his pockets and the waiting air.

Nothing else.

In the bathroom next door Jonathan was still hidden, but shuddered to see how he would do it. He was convinced that Steve made it too easy.

Getting a blowjob from another could not be that easy, even if the other was a guy like Hargrove.

When the outside door opened with a thud, it was clear who had entered and Jonathan came a blow.

"Impossible! How the hell did he do it? "

Jonathan could imagine that Steve had written a note to tell him to come there at that moment, but certainly not that he had just looked at him.

A sign that was not wrong, otherwise he wouldn't have come. He really had a fixation for him and of sex type.

"I don't think he want to make fun of me or he would already start to screw me down." Steve said to himself, waiting. A moment later his face popped right there in his open bathroom.

Billy with a bully air saw him standing there waiting and understood that he was not wrong, but he understood even better that he wanted to resume the speech of that night.

He smiled looking crazy and licked his lips in exaggerated manner.

- I see I opened a nice box, uh? - He said provocatively. Steve in response, in perfect silence, opened his belt and waited, then he turned his head to the side and left his arms at his hips.

He knew how to get a blowjob, oh definitely yes. That it was a boy or a girl didn't change the method.

Billy was struck by his way, he got excited immediately and without making it repeat, he entered in the bathroom, closed the door behind him and silently crouched in front of him.

No questions, no explanation or hesitation.

He immediately opened his jeans, took out his erection and silently took it immediately in his mouth.

Steve who had hoped but didn't really expect it, not so direct and

easy, opened his eyes wide and shocked looking at his blond head from the top of his groin.

He opened his arms and put his hands on the sides, on the wall, holding his breath.

His tongue was as hot as his mouth, of blowjobs he had received, but that ... that had something different.

"Of course, it's a boy! It's crazy, fuck if it's crazy. But it's damn nice! "

His erection grew in Billy's mouth moving with impetus and decision, the pace and intensity went immediately high and Steve raising his eyes, saw Jonathan silently peeking over the edge of the bathroom, he looked his eyes in sign of confirms. Steve nodded as he tried not to seems too well disposed and excited, he also covered his face with forearm not to be recognized even by mistake. then finally he began to moan to cover the sound of the shots that fortunately they made no much noise.

The moans were not at all fake, after a few shots Jonathan nodded to Steve and returned to his side always silent, waiting for them to end and go away. He imagined that now Steve could reject him or pretend to come, invent something, cut short.

Instead he heard him moan again and stay there to continue the pornographic act. Upset stood staring at the wall waiting to see them through to understand how all this really was a revenge, a game or a fiction.

Steve had also put a hand on the back of Billy accompanying the movements more and more impetuous and when he couldn't resist, he says hoarse and completely taken:

- I'm going to come ... - He had to warn him, but Billy in response was sucking louder and Steve excited couldn't avoid and came into his mouth.

He saw him stop and swallow after having obscenely shown his semen in his tongue. This was extremely him.

"Fuck, you don't do this for a game, you don't do it for make fun of someone. Don't swallow if you're not really in this way! "

He exclaimed to himself, still upset and all a thrill for the orgasm just exploded. The chills ran through his skin making his legs soft. He stood with his back to the wall, aware that if he started walking now he would fall to the ground.

He had never liked oral sex like that. Never.

He saw Billy walk up rubbing against him, pressed himself on top and after a handsome, arrogant smile, he interweaved his mouth with his.

Steve excited and dazed, still deeply shocked by what had happened, he answered coming to meet him with his tongue, closed his eyes and gave life to a kiss that went well beyond a diabolical plan of prevention.

Things were just getting out of hand, by far.

And now he had some compromising photos of Billy Hargrove, he had immense power and had no idea how to use it. Nor if he wanted, actually.

Jonathan heard them silently complete the opera after the various moans and the typical noises of mouths and tongues, then disgusted and shocked he finally heard them compose themselves and going out. Not together, but almost. Not even half word. As if nothing had happened.

Jonathan was dazed and incredulous not only that it happened but also how.

"It's certainly not normal to do it in this way. Not even to joke each other! Not to those levels! Shit, I heard Steve coming! And then they kissed! I think that to Steve is getting out of hand, surely not to preparing for revenge or something like that ... he likes it! I don't know if he likes Hargrove or just boys, but he likes it! "

Not that he could understand how he passed from girls to boys like that, but maybe the disappointment for Nancy had been so traumatic and harsh that he wanted to close with women. Sometimes it happened, maybe. Or maybe as long as you don't experience everything you don't know how far you can push yourself and who you really are. Maybe for a lifetime you don't understand it, but then something happens that opens your eyes.

"It must be said that if you don't understand it at the age of 17, when you must understand it, at 40?"

And this was more than reasonable!

They were waiting to see the results of the photos taken that Jonathan was developing in his dark room, the red light illuminated them with an almost erotic effect and considering what they were developing, he was also seriously uncomfortable.

- Can I ask you something? - He said to overcome the rock, even with difficulty and embarrassed. Steve shrugged.

- Shoot. -

- How can you make a kind thing without feeling anything? Without being gay? - The question was clear, Steve shrugged thinking and bent his lips without even knowing him well.

- A blowjob is a blowjob, it's always nice. -

- I would never be able to make me do it from a boy, for any reason! - Jonathan said firmly. He really wanted to understand a little, maybe he wanted to help him. After all, he had risked his life to protect the children.

Steve shrugged trying to make it easier than it was:

- Maybe I'm really a bit gay, then. - Jonathan looked at him closely to see if he really looked good or pretended well. He saw a kind of serenity as he said it, Steve rolled his eyes peaceful towards him and crossed with his and Jonathan asked another question.

- What's worse than discovering gay? - Steve didn't look away and stared Jonathan finding incredibly easy to talk to him even if he had hated for a long time.

- Understand that I like Hargrove and not just boys. And anyway I liked going with the girls, I really loved Nancy. I guess I'm bisexual ... it's something I think I can control, it's not like I'm repulsed by girls and without boys I don't live, so let's say I can hide it and go on serenely in the right way without getting into trouble. The point is ... where the fuck I place Hargrove in this absurd story of shit? -

Jonathan remained chained to his intense and serious look, waiting for an answer that didn't arrive, Steve turned his eyes first and looked down at the image that was now visible. In all the photos developed, Billy was crouching in front of him with legs open and was sucking it, it was understood that he did it to a boy but not to whom, Steve was not seen at all.

Jonathan had been incredibly good and precise.

Steve looked at them while the photographer hung them to dry and with eyes that shone with an almost dark and excited light, for a moment Jonathan saw the old Steve reappear and he stiffened.

He didn't want to help the rebirth of that hateful and unbearable character, even if he thought it was always lurking like some sort of dark side.

Everyone had it and maybe Steve was attracted to Hargrove for this, actually. For that own dark side choked and put aside that was actually there.

- Will you use them? - Steve emerged from his hypnosis with Billy's face that was not seen very well but sufficiently while he took his

hard member in his mouth, he barely stifled the excitement that was returning to him and looked at his friend next.

- I don't think so, I would not. If he oblige me, however, I will ... -

- Well, if he doesn't know that you can blackmail him, he could screw you when he wants, what's the point of having a weapon if you don't use it to keep the enemy good? - His question was pure logic, which was not Steve's strong point. But Jonathan immediately regretted having made him think so easily, he didn't want to push him to ruin anyone's life, it wasn't right even if was Hargrove who actually deserved it.

- Well, I suppose you're right. Maybe I should let him know that I keep him by the balls ... - Steve murmured with the eyes stared on his but lost to look at something else in his mind. That is the way he could tell to him and the probable reaction.

- If he's sincerely attracted to you this can destroy him and when those like him get hurt ... well you know better than me. - He tried to make him think again. - Do you really think that Hargrove is ultimately having fun with you? This is what you must understand before anything. Because if you show him these pictures and he is sincerely attracted to you and doesn't want to humiliate you, you sink him. Is it worth losing that bit of soul in the remote case that guy has one? -

Steve was shocked by that question and thought.

He was right, he was damn right, but how could he understand that? How could he?

It was vital to understand the real intentions of Billy, otherwise he could have destroyed one already on a precipice and only him could know how bad it was, because he had been in that edge too and if Nancy in that exact moment had not agreed to give him a second chance, it would be over. He knew. Then things had ended badly, but it was different, now he was another, was no longer on that precipice. Billy was now. He could throw him downstairs showing him those pictures and telling him that he had made fun of him from the beginning.

It could be the right and most sensible thing, it could be the only way to save himself before he was instead to throw down.

Timing was everything, but not only. Also understand what the hell Billy wanted sincerely from him.

"And maybe me too, because it's okay to understand what he wants and what are his intentions, but what if I'm the one who is really

taken well for him? But then why? In short, how do you take good for him? Oh come on ... he's so ... exciting ... and dark ... and out of control ... and provocative ... so out, so damn out. How do you take for him? How?"

But in the eyes of Jonathan everything was already so clear.

Billy in Steve saw a chance of salvation because he had gone on his dark path and had gone well, Steve in Billy saw the attraction to a side of himself that was only sidelined, but not killed at all.

"They were marked from the beginning."

Finally he told himself giving him the pictures now sufficiently dry.

Steve still took it thoughtful and lost, thanked him, he was advised not to say anything and Jonathan said that he kept the negatives only to necessity, so Steve nodded and knowing he could trust him as much as Nancy, he left not having the slightest idea what to do now with those photos.

7. Search for answers

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve has the weapon to take Billy down and bury him, he could free from him forever and hurt him to death. It is only to understand if he really wants to do it or if he wants something else from him, for example a relationship. And anyway, what does Billy want? It is finally time to figure out.

Notes for the Chapter:

I think this is not my best translation, but my brain is over for tonight! Sorry! I did my best!

7. SEARCH FOR ANSWERS



Steve was even worse than before, with those photos in his hand. Jonathan had the point, he didn't know how to do with him now. Having them and not using them was like not having them. He didn't really want to use them, just keep Billy in doghouse so he had to actually show them to him, but he knew that if for some remote reason he was sincere in his feeling for him, this would destroyed him.

"But what should I care about him? He's an idiot! "

He told himself driving through the streets of the sunset of his town,

didn't want to go anywhere, better home to think through.

He looked at the pictures in the next seat and sighed, it could see well Billy doing a blowjob to a guy and the knowledge that that was him, still excited Steve, tightened his legs and stiffened in the seat, keeping to drive.

"The question is if I like him and I want to try to have a story with him. I know that I can control this thing of homosexuality because I'm not entirely. But he ... I don't know, even before, when he sucked and then he kissed me ... he sends me out of my mind! I don't know how to handle it, what I want from him ... "

Lost in those complicated ruminations, he parked at home without noticing the presence of another car nearby. When he looked up blanched and hurried to cover the pictures with his own scholarship and training bag. After the usual school and extra-school hours where Billy had been provocative and irascible, after his stop by Jonathan to develop the photos, the insane was there!

Steve rolled his eyes, had just had time to cover the crime. Billy appeared happy with a sadistic smile on his window waiting for him to come down.

That was a torment was true!

Steve got out without taking his own things so as not to risk that the nosy noticed some pictures and decided to look at them.

He stood in front of him defiantly, hands on his hips, leaning to the door just closed.

Billy had moved a few inches to get him down.

- You're a stalker, Hargrove! How the hell do I remove you from my balls? - He laughing excessive took a cigarette from the package and put it between his lips that touched with his fingers in the gesture. Steve winced but remained firmly without making any special expression except the serious and frowned one.

Billy then lit it up and did the same with its own.

Their eyes remained locked for a while before they decided to talk:

- I thought you were going to continue a certain speech! In the bathroom you liked it! - Steve bit his lip and shook his head, raising hands.

- Look, first of all I still have not figured out if I can trust you ... -

Billy laughed.

- You're the one who called me today, I thought I'd pretend nothing happened because I don't even know if I can trust you! -

- You started and you tormented me all this time just to get into my

bed! - Steve pointed out annoyed, continuing to smoke.

Billy continued laughing, leaning forward in front of him, then he went back exactly where he was, a few centimeters touching his legs wrapped in tight jeans.

- Ok, it's clear that we don't trust each other, for me it's you who wanted it, I just indulged! - Steve was angry and spreading his arms he moves forward.

- Me?! Me?! Hargrove, you broke my balls from the first moment you set foot in high school! What the fuck do you want from me? You dragged me to the party at all costs without telling me why! And now it's me ?! - Billy enjoyed it, licked his lips looking at him and pleased his small thrusts, but didn't react.

- I rode the wave! - Responded convinced.

- You created that wave! - But the other remained obstinately silent. - I want you to admit it, we need to clarify certain points before anything! - Steve wanted to figure out what to do with those photos and first he had to understand Billy better.

He decided to give himself one night before deciding, he had to make good use of it.

- Should we do it out here? - he realized that it was not ideal, so deciding to leave his belongings in the car on purpose, he locked it and drove him home.

Relieved that Billy and those photos were far from each other, he took him to his room with his heart racing back to his throat.

What was special about a mentally out person like him?

"I don't want to try with other guys, I don't care about the others! And not even girls! I really don't want anything. Just ... "He stopped and heard him close the door behind him and then take off his denim jacket and show him the cigarette end.

He realized he still had it and pointed to the bathroom.

He watched him enter as if he were his boyfriend who was walking around in his bedroom and started to feel like a hormonal shiver.

"It's he who unleashes to me something uncontrollable."

Back in the room, he already had his shirt completely untied. Steve immediately noticed it with an expression that was all a program.

He went in front of him and stopped undressing, waiting to see the owner's move.

This owner sucked his lip in turmoil without the slightest idea of what to do.

- I can't tell if I can trust you, Hargrove. One side wants to try this

strange absurd experience that just for saying I've not planned nor wanted. - Billy grinned satisfied, took another half step toward him, again the bodies touching each other, eyes on eyes.

- Do you find out that I screw you? - Steve shook his head.

- This doesn't mean you will not do it if it turns bad. And I don't understand if you're sincere in this yours ... jump on me and seduce me ... or if there is a second end. Do you have a second purpose as well as bring me to bed, Hargrove? - Being direct was the best thing, Billy was pleased that he asked it without before taking drastic countermeasures.

- How can I convince you? - Steve sighed and stood still watching him, the warmth of his body that he felt without touching him again made him mad, the shivers were stronger along his body. He wanted to jump on him and make him his, completely, get lost.

- Well, I'll get you to not make bad jokes. - Billy arched his eyebrows questioningly and provocatively, waiting. Steve made a sadistic smile, an excited light in the look that made it clear he could do it, he was serious about it. - I can find a way to fuck you! And I don't just say literally. - Billy licked his lips at his typical way, his eyes shone excitedly. - Seriously, I can find it. I know how to do it, in my head that way is already a precise plan and you couldn't do anything about it. I could make you lose your face without lifting a finger. So now decide what you want to do. If you think you just wanted to break my balls and screw me, get away now and save your skin. Otherwise remains and I'll know I can trust you. -

He said it so well that Steve was surprised that he had not thought of it before.

Billy had seen the dark light in his eyes, the one he had surely once had, when he was King Steve.

Now he was Big, it could see he was Big Steve. There really could not rain on this.

By now he had such an erection that he was about to faint, if he had not made sex with him, if his mouth had not gone down on his groin he would have died.

Screw him? Who wanted to screw King Steve when you could have Big, the next level of King?

Billy grinned and opened his jeans belt in response.

- I just want to see if you can even fuck, Big Steve! - He said erotic and provocative.

And here Steve left brutally and inexorably.

For him, for now, was enough.

He grabbed him by the open shirt and brutally pulled it away, then pushed him toward the closet and knelt down, bringing down his damn tight jeans. Billy finally smiled satisfied and pleased, then lost his mouth on his excited erection.

Steve, seeing the reaction of his body and remembering the swallow before, understood that some things don't pretend you just for a big joke. You couldn't.

And so he took possession of Billy, he appropriated without braking himself.

He didn't feel any repulsion at all, as he felt his erection grow in his mouth and throb, while sucked and licked, he didn't feel disgusted at all.

He felt as if that was his natural environment. All of that was damn right.

"Until you try, you don't know!"

He said to himself with Billy's hands in his head, straight hair, pulling firmly with the movements of his head.

Billy's voice began to moan as he pushed pelvis toward him, Steve knew he was about to come and broke off abruptly getting back on his feet, leaving him with his trousers lowered to his ankles and erection hard and up waiting for final satisfaction.

The guy looked at him incredulously disbelief that he had interrupted on the most beautiful, was about to insult when he saw him take off the sweater, so he shut up, remained motionless as he was in front of the closet and simply taking off his jeans and boxers from the feet, he admired Steve hungry. Very hungry.

Steve saw his enormous desire, opened his jeans and let them slide gently on hips, took off the shirt from underneath and began to open it slowly, still looking at him with an unreal calm. He seemed completely in control of the situation and was very well in those shoes.

Steve also took off his jeans after his shirt and with them the boxers, stood naked in front of him and seemed well despite never having stripped for a boy. Billy was appreciating him a lot.

Before going to him, he stretched an arm on his radio and started playing on a music box that was on and Bruce Springsteen left with the powerful Born in the USA.

With Nancy he listened the songs that pleased her, things that were more pop and melense, but his passion for classic rock made him

more alive.

Billy became even more surprised to hear that he liked something so decent, he was for hard rock, but Bruce generally put all agree, especially that song.

He licked his lips again and waited, Steve finally took his wrist and pulled him, grabbed by the waist, letting his hand go down on his buttocks, clutched and while Billy still laughed provocatively, he kissed him.

The music burst powerful leaving them safe while their tongues intertwined in the joined mouths. The slow fingers slid into his slit and Billy moaned against his mouth, answering, taking his erection.

Steve groaned in turn letting him do it, enjoyed that wonderful feeling of excitement as the bodies warmed each other and the mouths didn't seem willing to break off.

Billy's hand took great care of his erection that soon became hard, Steve noting that Billy didn't resist pushed firm and calm against the bed and stretched out climbing on top of him. He held his wrists against on either side of his head. He looked at him for a moment and smiled satisfied, rubbing his lips with more class than he used to. Billy pulled out his tongue and Steve hypnotized took it and sucked, then stretched out on him crushing the pelvis on his erection.

They were both already very excited, this game among their hard members was a torture that Steve applied with mastery making him moan suffering until Billy opened his legs and wrapped around his hips.

Steve smiled down from his mouth to his neck, nibbled and then climbed back into his ear.

- I don't intend to stop, so if the young lady wants to back down, it's time to do it! - Steve said decidedly and mockingly. In response, Billy pinched his butt, laughing and then moan pleased.

- Always very nice to deal with your ass, Big Steve. Let's see if you're really so big even down there! -

Steve laughed at the provocation, left his ear and wrist and stretched out to the nightstand from which he pulled out the condom that slipped quickly. Billy looked at him as if he was an expert.

- I knew you were not a newbie! -

Steve chuckled.

- I've never fucked men's asses, but I guess it's like with women's ones! - It was not even one who went with a girl at night, but he had not had a few. The experiences in that sense didn't miss him.

Billy turned by back, put his knees under and set himself in the best position without hesitation.

- Well, for me it's not the first time, so you can very well take me without sparing yourself! I like hard fucking! - Steve was not surprised at all, a heat wave attacked him seeing Billy in that position, finally he took him by the buttocks, bent down and letting plenty of saliva slip into his opening, he straightened up and with a push entered.

A decisive blow, without hesitation.

Steve found himself immediately inside, Billy strained for a moment, moaning, the music covering sufficiently any yell. Shortly after he relaxed and Steve could move and give himself freely to the shivers that were covering him from top to bottom, from the back of his head and all over his skin.

"Incredible ..." He said to himself realizing that there were no comparisons with other times, not in terms of pure physicality.

He had anal sex with some particularly uninhibited girl, it had been nice and this was very close, but he had to admit that the idea of having in his hands the sides of a boy, particularly that crazy Hargrove gave much of his.

Steve soon lost control, starting to push harder and harder, and among the moans their excitement went up without brakes. Steve didn't notice Billy coming, but at a certain point he screamed, then it was dark for a moment, he lost himself, he didn't even hear the voice of Bruce singing 'I'm on fire'.

When he exploded again in a single day, with the vivid memory of that night as well as that morning, he collapsed on him panting.

The bodies of both sweaty and altered, still exhausted and upset, not at all present.

It took a while for both to understand, to realize, to think.

They just had sex and gone beyond figuring out how much could trust each other and what they wanted, it was a great mad and unconscious pleasure.

"After all, a fuck is always a fuck, and so what!?"

Steve wanted to convince himself that he had not taken the longest step of the leg and that reasoning with the male genital organ rather than the brain was not that serious fact, but probably that would have understood only more later.

8. Things to see

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy had sex properly and Steve now has to decide what to do with the compromising pictures of Billy. Billy is not exactly a person who inspires trust, but it is also true that at the beginning even Steve was not. Maybe he must find that something hidden in him that is worth pulling out. Will he eventually risk or will he make a nice disaster?

8. THINGS TO SEE



Steve wondered if his father smelling the cigarette coming from his room, would come to see if something caught fire, but the opposite was likely.

Lying close together and both on their backs, heads on cushions, hands under nape while Billy smoked.

- Tell me something Harrington ... - Billy said then thoughtfully after a surprising silence.

- I don't really want to. - He answered without knowing what he wanted to ask. Billy ignored him and putting his cigarette in his mouth, said anyway:

- What the hell did you do with my sister's brat group that night? -

Steve pulled the smoke and then puffed it out with a laugh.

- How the hell did you jump up with that? - Steve remembered the night when they were given for good and remembered a point that he wanted to clarify, which had always remained on his mind, so he decided to answer. - Anyway I was a baby sitter, it didn't take long to figure it out! - Not really much. - Those are still children! -

- Yes I understood, but you were at Byers home and none of them was present and then ... -

- What the hell do you fuck, honestly? - Billy took back the cigarette making him the middle finger for the answer. - However if you had not played dirty you would not won! - And here's the typical thing that the boys wanted to clarify.

Billy arched, pressing the nape on his pillow to laugh again.

- Play dirty? Play dirty?! - He turned to him, putting himself on his side, his head resting on hand, the arm bent. - When would I play dirty? I fucked you, Harrington! -

Steve turned in his turn, imitating his pose, but using more grace and annoyed that he didn't remember how well he had started, reminded him with a bright look.

- I started having the best! -

- I made you fall as soon as I stepped out of the car! - Billy replied confident, so was Steve.

- Forget that, you took me by surprise! Inside the house I played well at the beginning, then you broke a plate on my head, big asshole! That's where you won, but you stunned me with the plate, if you had not played dirty you would never have succeeded! - Billy laughed out loud with his typical crazy look, but Steve added a big smile with an amused smile. - That's why you wanted to get King Steve out, right? Because you wanted a clean encounter with me and see without a tricks who wins! - Sometimes Steve tried to vivisect his brain and fathom the empty crevices of his mind, but Billy didn't allow it.

- Maybe you're the one who wants to do it! - He took his chin between his fingers and touched his mouth where there was still a bit of the bruise that his ball had left him the day before. - But I'm sorry, now, ruining such a pretty face! - By saying that he lowered his tone and became persuasive, his gaze became liquid, the typical one staring at him.

Steve swallowed and Billy approached his face.

- But to make you happy and see that beautiful light in your beautiful eyes, I could also swell with fists. I mean, if that's what makes you

happy! - Billy for a moment had seen him having fun and didn't want to lose that moment. Steve had lowered his guard by having the first conversation practically normal, without strange threats or bullshit.

"After all, there is something somewhere ... well hidden, but there it is!"

Thought Steve aware that he could see it also because he had been there first.

"How Nancy saw it in me, after all."

He was still not sure if in Billy saw himself and for this wanted to help him or if he was simply attracted, but whatever the reason he decided to go along with him and see if there was really salt in that apparently empty pumpkin.

So he leaned over the little that was missing, he canceled the short distance and kissed him first savoring his mouth that opened and his tongue coming towards him.

A kiss so simple and true, the desire to give and take warmth, Steve's hand spontaneously on his cheek. Billy didn't reject him, he held that hand, while his lips filled him with a warmth so human that he let the tears rise to his eyes. Tears that he immediately returned back slipping on his neck to bite him. Steve moaned and tried to push him away, but he saw Billy cling to him not to really hurt, but to hide.

He stood there for a moment, but then he let himself go and surrounded his head with one arm, pulled him to himself, letting his face remain hidden there, pretending to make some stupid spite.

He decided not to say anything, remembering how well he had felt in Nancy's arms when she had stayed with him for a whole year. He had made him feel good, a real, simple boy who liked someone for what he was and not for what he had to do or demonstrate.

He knew how it felt the first time, he still remembered well. He said nothing, remained silent while the tape was long gone and there was not even music to fill the strangest moment that could ever be presented to each other.

"After all, there's really something buried beneath the layers of idiocy, it's worth trying to take a look like Nance did with me."

He hoped not to make mistakes, but of certainties there could not be.

- Are you sure Steve? - Asked Jonathan found him there the next morning giving him the photos he had done with difficulty.

Steve folded his head and looked around to see that no one was

there, then took off his sunglasses.

- No, for a fuck, for this I give them to you and I ask you to keep them safe. Safe, Byers. I don't want to stop growing your brother, uh? He has had too much! - Jonathan wanted to reply that he had kept him awake all night because he constantly reviewed those images every damn time that closed his eyes. Hargrove sucking Stev's cock. And now nothing, he didn't want to use them and returned them to him!

He wanted to kill him, but he was more shocked about his decision.

- But I thought you wanted to use them to keep the ferocious beast in the kennel! - Steve sighed intolerantly leaning at the door jamb, as he looked out for a sign in the sky telling him it was all right. Hands in the pockets of the jacket.

- I don't know... yes I thought I wanted it, but I'm deepening the thing to understand ... well, if I can trust, what I want ... you know, those shits... and I think ... I think I saw what Nance must have seen in me when she decided to give me a second chance a year ago ... - Jonathan understood what he was saying, Nancy had seen the same thing in him when he decided to talk to him despite her pictures find among his own things.

She was special, but he understood what Steve meant. Receiving a sincere hand when there were a thousand reasons for not having it, it changed your life for the better.

- You want to help him for this, because you seen something hidden that you like? - He still asked to understand better, since Steve seemed willing to communicate in a normal way with him. Steve shrugged lost, always looking for those answers in the sky.

- I don't know, maybe ... maybe yes ... I know what it feels like, I tried it, do you understand? I was that shit! And now I have changed but thanks to a help and I think it's worth it. -

- But it's not just a good free action ... - Jonathan insinuated. Steve looked at him with a lazy, weary grimace, shaking his head.

- Something attracts me, I want to understand what it is and if my intuition is correct. But I can't have a similar weapon in the house, I look like the fake one, do you understand? - Jonathan was genuinely impressed by his reasoning. - I would feel dirty ... - He concluded. Being dirty with a notoriously dirty, could not be so inconvenient, but evidently that was the much talked-about new Steve. Squinting malice, he tried to remember the voices heard around.

- I thought I misunderstood, but apparently it's true! - Exclaimed in

fact amused. Steve straightened up and looked at him curiously.

- What are you talking about? -

- Wait, how do they call you now? - Steve looked at him wrinkled without understanding, he had heard nothing around and Jonathan remembering lit up laughing: - Big Steve! The next version of the King? - Steve looked at him incredulously.

- Do they really call me that? -

- They say you're different from before, you're big, not an asshole, and then you've become Big! I thought they all drank, but I think they were right! - Steve so swelled up well gloating, he settled the collar of his jacket feeling an uncontaminated joy that made him feel like a god, as once he felt every day.

Only now it was better, because before he pretended to be, now he really was!

- What do you want, Byers. To rise has a price, but in the end it pays!

- And so saying, on Jonathan's sincere laughter, he went off saying hello.

Jonathan laughed at the door as he watched him leave. That story was unbelievable, but after all, Nancy was right. There was some good in everyone.

The ball was on the coach's hand on the center field line, in the middle of the circle Steve and Billy who was without the shirt as usual. The two looked at each other to start the usual basketball training game.

The whistle in the mouth waiting the beginning.

But their eyes were focused on each other and there were no companions scattered around waiting for one of the two to win the contest.

They were totally taken from one another, and while in the minds they relived the hours spent together and the orgasms they had, Billy began with his favorite pastime.

Provoke and speak.

- Well Big Steve! I offer you a bet! If I make more than 40 points today, you become my slave for a week! - Steve chuckled without looking away from his crazy look.

- What if I do them? - Billy widened his eyes as if possessed and with a big smile, he said:

- I'll be your slave! - Steve laughed and after reaching out his hand

between them, Billy slapped confirming the bet.

The contact, the whistle, the usual 'I'll do your ass Harrington!' of Billy, the usual 'you'd like it!' of Steve, then the synchronous jump of the two, the bodies that touched in the air and hands reaching out to the ball that was soaring and then descending towards them.

A new challenge it had begun while someone was rumored that they had seen them together at a party a few days before and now they were becoming friends, giving life to one of the most terrifying alliances of all school history.

"Alliance ..." Steve thought with a smile, flying the ball towards his teammates. "If I that fuck him it can call alliance ... oh yes, alliance! The alliance of the century! "

Feet on the ground, shooting, Billy's push, Steve's fall, insults, grunts, lift, run-up and off with the usual normal things. Things to see, anyway.

Notes for the Chapter:

I just wanted to thank those who read and commented the fic, who followed and those who liked it. I could have chosen Billy to find out the pictures and things were brutally degenerating before they were wonderful, but in the end I decided to do this. In this way, if one day I feel like writing again, I have a nice weapon available to complicate things like a sadist.

And again, my language is Italian, not english, but I tried my best.